

Carmilla Punishes a Succubus
Jazz the Succubus Spanking Stories #7
By SpiderSans and Yu May

[Note: This story takes place chronologically before the events of the stories previously published as #5-6.]

The Ring of Pride.

It is the home of the Sinners, people from the living world whose immortal souls have been sentenced to eternal damnation, as punishment for the terrible things they have done in life.

But some Sinners dedicate themselves to committing even more heinous sins, mastering it like an art. These few are called Overlords. They are as varied in their nature as the sins they committed in life. But by gaining power over lesser souls, the Overlords hold vast sway over Hell's economy, territory, and culture.

Of all the Overlords, none were as direct as Carmilla Carmine. No backstabbing. No hidden agendas. Everyone in Hell knew exactly what she was up to, and that was precisely the way Carmilla wanted it.

Pride, Greed, Lust, Envy, Gluttony, Wrath, and Sloth. Whatever deadly sin a Devil served, sooner or later, they all needed a gun, and Carmine Industries was always there to provide a quality product.

In life, she had operated a lucrative gun smuggling operation for the "family business." Occasionally, she had thought about the people who died as a result of her work. Any time she had heard of a random shooting in the streets, part of her wondered if the gun was one of hers. But she had never repented from actually running the business, hoping to pass it along to her only daughters, Odette and Clara. And when the time had finally come for her to face judgment, Carmilla Carmine had immediately set up shop in Hell, and kept running the old family playbook.

After a few short years, both her children were gunned down by a stranger in a drive-by shooting, and the family was reunited in Hell. And business was booming.

But Carmilla did have a secret. Every year, Adam, the first man who fell into sin, would lead an army of Exocrists to slaughter the people of Hell. Carmilla's husband had died in one of these annual Exterminations. No one knew what happened to the souls of sinners after their second death. But Carmilla had discovered the only known way to reliably kill an angel: the angelic steel that comprised their own weapons.

Her original plan had been to horde them and hole up in her corporate office, but after being persuaded by a gaggle of do-gooders from the Hazbin Hotel to take a stand, Carmilla had

agreed to lend her weapons to the cause of defending the Gates of Hell against the next Extermination event.

Now, she was busy gathering those same weapons back, before the rest of Hell learned of their true, priceless value. After all, Carmilla wasn't running a charity.

She rubbed her eyes and slumped back in her chair.

11:30 a.m.?

Carmilla had already pulled an all-nighter. Her phone buzzed with a text from one of her daughters.

The candid photo on the screen showed Odette's face as she looked up from her lab work, her red glasses askew. "Mother, Clara made it to the movie theater. After that we'll be at the mall."

Carmilla cracked a smile, struggling to type with her freakishly huge, white-gloved hands: "Okay, be careful. I love you two."

Carmilla tried to ignore the feeling of dread deep in her gut. As a mother, she knew she could be overprotective of them. Her girls were her everything, especially since they had lost Dad. As a Mom, Carmilla couldn't bear to imagine anything happening to her daughters.

But as an Overlord, Carmilla knew she had to be overprotective. When you were in this business, every family member was a potential target, a liability. As a crime boss, Carmilla's job was to imagine the worst.

After the death of their father, the closest thing the girls had to a positive male role model figure in their life was old man Zestial. Carmilla still thought of him as a friend, even after their disagreement over her involvement in the plan to fight back against Adam's rogue Exorcists.

She could call in a favor? Ask Zesstial to "chance upon" her daughters at the mall and offer to escort them home? Few devils would dare assassinate the Carmine daughters when the oldest living Overlord in Hell was acting as their chaperone.

Carmilla took a final drag from her cigarette holder. She was overthinking this. No one would assassinate her daughters, because she had made sure to send a clear message last time: you don't go after the Carmines. Besides, calling in a favor would make her look weak.

She shut down her computer, and stood from her desk. But just as she was about to put away her phone, a Sinstagram notification caught her eye. Velvette, the Overlord of Social Media, was live streaming?

Immediately, Carmilla opened it. After all, this was her indirect competition in the Big Sin Business.

Velvette was cloyingly cute, with her two twin-tails and her avant-garde pinstripe suit. Carmilla grumbled as he examined the absurd, petite little woman on her phone. "What's black and white and red all over?"

Velvette threw up two peace signs. "Heeeeyyy, my little puppets! It's your queen again, here to show you my favorite new fashion line. My assistant has volunteered to model for us. Melissa, get your ass over here!"

Melissa was a pale, nervous looking sinner. Blushing furiously, Melissa stepped onto the runway.

Carmilla sniffed as she examined the outfit. "There's not enough cloth in that getup to blow your nose on."

As Melissa did a slow turn for the camera, Velvet coed. "Oh, darling, you look lovely. And if you folks want to rock this look, links are below. Now, get off my stage!"

Velvette landed a quick slap across Melissa's ass to shoo her away, then winked at the camera. "Now, don't worry, my lovely puppies, lots more to come. You wanna look your best, right?"

Carmilla groaned. "Enough. Who in Hell buys this pointless garbage?"

Immediately, a paparazzi photo of Carmilla Carmine appeared on the screen, wearing one of her elite, formal dresses. Then a graphic popped up, labeling the picture as "FashionASTY!" in garish block letters. Velvette made a gagging face. "Unlike that old bag... Carmilla Carmine. That's right! It's time for a 'Rag Alert!'"

A poop emoji poofed into existence, covering the spot where Carmilla's face used to be.

Carmilla froze. "Huh? How did they get that picture? And what's wrong with my dress? It's the work of a master tailor."

Velvette pulled out a red marker, and started scribbling on the photo of Carmilla. "What's wrong with this dress, you ask? I don't even know where to begin. So let's pull out my trusty red-ink pen for maximum hurt feelings, shall we?"

Carmilla took a deep breath. "Don't engage. She only pulls these stunts because she knows she can't beat us in an open—"

Velvette artfully drew a few lines on top of the photo of Carmilla, highlighting the curves of the dress. “First off, this cut went out of style a few centuries ago, around the time Zestial finished his last successful bowel movement.”

Carmilla squeezed her phone so tight, the heavy-duty protective screen cracked slightly. “Grrrr, that little bitch! No respect for her elders!”

Resisting the urge to pulverize her phone, Carmilla quickly stuffed it in her purse, then clapped her hand against the desk with such force, she knocked it a few inches down into the bullet-proof concrete floor below. “Oooh, when I ever get my hands on her, I’m gonna give her the worst spanking of her life.”

Carmilla raised her hand, “Maybe I should pull out the old film camera. Wouldn’t that be a pretty picture? Velvette, bent over my knee, bare-assed, getting the spanking of her life, for all Hell to see. Crying, begging for mercy, while all her little internet people watch her ass get beat!”

Carmilla clapped her desk again, sending it plummeting down through the floor to the room below. A few cubicle workers were forced to dive for cover. As the dust settled, Carmilla examined the hole in her office floor. “It’d be simply...*poetic!*”

Then, Carmilla heard her stomach growling, and she blushed. “Well? What are you all gawking at? Back to work!”

Carmilla reached for her coffee mug at her work desk, remembered she had just lost her work desk, and found it on the floor. She glared at the dark, dried-out dregs at the bottom. When was the last time she had eaten? Last night? Yesterday morning?

“Clara, order me something from Bee Eats. Anything with protein, fat, and—” Then she remembered that Clara was out for the day. Carmilla grabbed her black-and-white baby ermine and mink fur-lined coat and threw it majestically over her shoulders. “That’s it. I’m taking a lunch hour.”

Meanwhile, in the streets of Pentagram City, the Pride of the Pride Ring, two succubi were strolling down the sidewalk, holding hands.

Jazz the succubus had donned her favorite Fizarolli jester hat, along with some older Mammon gear she had customized. The slogan “Mammon ROCKS!” had been edited to read: “~~Mammon~~ CAN SUCKS MY BALLS! (Fizarolli) ROCKS!”

For purposes of legibility, Jazz had been forced to write Fizarolli’s name to the side and draw a long, winding arrow pointing to the correct place for the word in the sentence.

Jazz rolled her eyes. “No, no, I’m telling you, Ruby, Princess Stella has the biggest, fluffiest pair of breasts of all time.”

Tonight, Ruby the succubus was wearing her favorite black boob-window dress, and matching black boots. “That can’t be true, Jazz. Everyone knows Queen Lillith has the best rack in Hell.”

“So maybe Lillith has the best rack. I said *biggest* and Stella definitely wins in that department. I should know. I’ve motorboarded her enough times.”

“Oh? And have you motorboarded Queen Lillith to make a comparison? If we’re going to argue, then we ought to approach the matter *scientifically*.”

Jazz gestured to an old, graffitied poster that advertised Lillith’s starring role in *The Screwtape Letters: The Movie: The Musical*. “I don’t have to motorboat Lillith to make a comparison. Everyone in Pentagram City has already seen her rack. I’m providing you with new, first-hand data. Stella’s bosom is about yay-big, and...”

Jazz held her hands up to the poster of Lillith, revealing a significant size difference. “...Ta, da! How’s that for scientific evidence?”

Ruby rolled her eyes. “That poster isn’t life-size. Besides, Lillith is the Queen Bee of Hell. Therefore, she must have the biggest boobs. You know, when I was a teenager, I actually saw her in person? She was out for a walk with Lucifer Morningstar and Princess Charlie. I swear you could see her boobs bounce and jiggle with every step she took.”

Jazz blinked. “Wow, lucky you. Wish I had been there.”

Ruby blinked. “Wait, since when have you played puff-puff with Princess Stella? I thought she was sexually repressed.”

“Oh, we’re making progress on that. These days, whenever I report to Stella for a spanking roleplay session, she gets naked and lets me play with her boobies a bit. Oooh, I wanted to suck her tits so bad, Ruby. But I resisted the temptation. Aren’t you proud of me?”

Ruby giggled and examined Jazz’s breasts. “I am proud of you. You know, Jazz, besides Queen Lillith and Princess Stella, you must have the biggest pair of beautiful and sexy breasts in all of hell.”

Ruby grabbed one of Jazz’s breasts, and gave it a little squeeze. A cartoon bicycle honk sound effect announced the affectionate gesture. Jazz giggled, then pulled Ruby into a hug. “Tee hee! Hmmm, thanks Ruby. I may have big tits, but you—”

Jazz broke out of the hug, and started patting Ruby's breasts, mesmerized. "Your breasts are pretty big as well. And pretty *pretty*, too. If the contest is for the most *beautiful* boobies in Hell, you take the cake in my book."

Ruby blushed as she suddenly noticed the crowd start to stare at them. She kept forgetting that people from the other Rings of Hell didn't share the same traditional customs of the succubi. "Why, thank you Jazz, but why don't we—"

Jazz pulled out a magnifying glass and Sherlock-Holmes hat, and peered at Ruby's breasts. "Not quite as big as mine, but still nice and big."

Ruby's eyes popped open. "Um... want me to get a boob job? If it would make you happy, then I could—"

Jazz dropped her detective outfit, and held Ruby close. "What? Don't you dare change your boobs, Rubes. This is about aesthetics. Just look at the perky way they point skyward! The curvature perfectly follows the Golden Ratio."

Ruby cleared her throat, and craned her neck. "Got it! Math is fun! But maybe we save it for when we get back home?"

Oblivious of the watching crowd, Jazz smiled. "Mmm, I can't wait. So tell me, why did you want to come to the Pride Ring again? This place has been nothing but a pain in my ass—literally. First Ms. Mayberry and Martha, then that Fish-Karen lady and her two brats."

Jazz rubbed her butt gently. "It's like I have a target painted on my ass whenever I visit this place."

Ruby put a finger to her lips. "Because I have a surprise for you. I'm getting us each a set of that new clothing line by Velvette. But if we pick it up in person, we don't have to pay those expensive shipping and handling fees."

"Oh, wow! But, what about our coffee date?"

"We're still having our coffee date. Right after I..."

Ruby trailed off as she noticed a line of people in front of Velvette's, curving all the way around the block. "... pick up your present."

Jazz tried to locate the end of the queue. It seemed to stretch out towards the horizon. "Want to come back later?"

"If we do that, the shop could close. I need to get in line, ASAP."

“Then you go, and I’ll catch up. I’ll get our coffee and meet you there. We can have our coffee date while we wait.”

“Well...” Ruby glanced at the digital clock above the square. “...if you say so. Just, be careful, hun.”

Jazz snorted. “Don’t worry, Rubes. Aren’t I always?”

They kissed each other on the lips and parted ways. Then Jazz snuck up on Ruby and gave her a playful slap on the butt. “Goosies to the caboosies!”

Ruby squeaked, then hustled toward the end of the line, sticking out her tongue at Jazz as she went.

...

Carmilla Carmine stood in line at Hell’s Coffee Shop. Finally, it was her turn.

The cashier was a teenaged Sinner boy wearing a beanie, with a few chin hairs that suggested the making of a goatee. “I can take who’s...next? Whoa, you’re one of those Overlord dudes.”

He looked up at her with a vacant expression. He was wearing a nametag on his apron that helpfully identified him as: “Dude.”

Carmilla put one hand on her head and pressed her temple. “I am. I’m here to order.”

“Sure, dude. What would you like?”

“Just a large black coffee. Nothing—”

Carmilla noticed a premade sandwich in the display case. “Ooh, I’ll have one ciabatta sandwich, with extra bell peppers.”

The dude stared at the sandwich. “You’re in luck, dude. This is our last one.”

Carmilla narrowed her eyes. “Can’t you make me one fresh?”

“Not since last time. I’m not allowed to touch the plastic knives any more.”

Carmille rifled through her purse and slammed down a hundred dollar bill. “Whatever. I’ll just take it.”

As Carmilla stepped outside, she took a deep breath. “This was exactly what I needed: a nice coffee and my favorite sandwich...”

Carmilla stared right at the camera, breaking the fourth wall. "... What could *possibly* go wrong?"

...

As Jazz the Succubus stood in line at Hell's Coffee Shop, she noticed a tall woman strolling past her, and Jazz's "Nice-ass Radar" kicked into gear. Jazz whistled. "Woah, who ordered the tall drink of water?"

Carmilla Carlile paused. Slowly she turned, blinked, and stared down at the diminutive creature in front of her. "It's a black coffee, actually. Now if you'll excuse me—"

Then, Carmilla turned her attention to an amateurishly illustrated poster hanging outside the coffee shop. "Hmm? Professional assassins?"

The sign depicted an energetic red imp, who had his arm around the shoulder of a harried looking she-wolf. The slogan read: "Hey, hate someone from the human world? Who you gonna' call? ...No, not those ghost fuckers! Call the Immediate Murder Professionals, and (PLEASE DON'T) Ask for Blitzo! (Just leave a message with my beautiful daughter-secretary, Loona, and tell her Daddy loves her.)"

A few hand-written notes helpfully labeled the names of each member of the Immediate Murder Professionals. The other members had been represented as tiny cartoon chibis in the corners, giving Blitzo and Loona most of the real estate on the poster.

Unfortunately, as Carmilla bent low to examine the poster, she accidentally presented her big, round ass directly to Jazz. The bells of Jazz's jester hat stood on end. "Damn, girl, you really walking around carrying all that cake?"

Acting on autopilot, Jazz raised her hand, and landed a firm slap on the ass in front of her.

As she felt the impact, Carmilla tensed up and crushed her ciabatta sandwich and coffee in her massive hands. "EEK!"

Jazz watched the reverberation from the spank rippling like waves across the tall woman's buttocks. "Hmm...perfect jiggle. Congrats, lady, that's a ten-outa-ten ass you got there. Hehe—"

Carmilla spun, eyes blazing, and threw the remains of her food on the ground. The coffee cup bounced with such force, it knocked a winged imp out of the air.

Carmilla jabbed a finger at Jazz. "You!"

Jazz crossed her eyes, and pointed at herself. "M...me?"

"You ruined my food. And you slapped my ass... without asking permission! What were you thinking?"

"I slapped your ass without asking... Oh, my bad, lady, I forgot I wasn't in the Ring of Lust."

"This isn't the Ring of Lust! What makes you think that would be appropriate in the Ring of Lust? It's not appropriate anywhere!"

"Well, we slap each other's asses so much at Ozzie's, we all decided to streamline the process of asking for consent. See, if you have a great ass, and you bend over... that's non-verbal consent to get a spank."

"I didn't give verbal, non-verbal, or anything-in-between consent! I just wanted to have a coffee and eat a sandwich, and you've destroyed my dream!"

Quailing under the shadow of the taller woman, Gaze glanced at the remains of the sandwich and coffee. "Oh, crap, I'm so sorry! I can go to the coffee shop and buy you another one and—"

But before Jazz could finish, Carmilla grabbed her by the arm.

Jazz tried to pull herself free, but the woman's huge hand was unmoving. "W-what? Hey, let go!"

Carmilla looked the terrified succubus right in the eyes. "That was the *last* ciabatta sandwich. You can't buy me another one. But you certainly *are* going to pay. Come with me."

Jazz felt herself being dragged along like a child. "Hey, I'm not going anywhere with you! Let go! Someone help!"

Carmilla, switched her grip on Jazz's arm, and gently patted Jazz's behind. "Quiet!"

Well, at least it was what Carmilla Carmine thought of as a "gentle pat."

Jazz felt a gigantic hand slam against her behind, the palm alone easily covering both her butt cheeks. Jazz shut her mouth with a snap.

As they walked, two old ladies passed them by. The taller lady shook her head. "Ah, children! Wonder what she did?"

The shorter lady paused, and Jazz recognized her as Susan. "Jazz, dearie? What are you doing in this Circle of Hell?"

"Mrs. Susan? Help! I accidentally spanked this woman, and now she's kidnapping me!"

Susan glanced back and forth at the two women. “You spanked...Carmilla Carmine? Welp, it was nice knowing you, Jazz.”

As the two ladies trotted away, Jazz took a closer look at her kidnapper. “I spanked...Carmilla Carmine? Oh, shit. Ooooh, fuck, I am so, so sorry!”

Jazz threw back her head and cried. “Please, please don’t kill me. I’m too young!”

But Carmilla didn’t stop walking. “I’m not going to kill you. I have other plans for you.”

“P...plans? What kind of plans?”

Carmilla paused, and turned to smile. “You’ll see.”

When they finally made it to Carmilla’s office, they took the elevator up. The music was somehow simultaneously soothing and sickening. Jazz cleared her throat. “So, about the ass thing. You know what they say? The thing is about a spanking is...”

Jazz made two finger guns, waiting for Carmilla to say, “Gee, I dunno Jazz, what *do* they say the thing is about a spanking?”

When Carmilla did not say this, Jazz stumbled through the punchline anyway. “... Um—a spanking is a round of applause in appreciation of a great ass!”

Carmilla stared at Jazz.

DING!

The elevator arrived at the top floor. Carmilla nudged Jazz into her private office. Finally, Carmilla released her hold on Jazz, and locked the door behind them.

Jazz struggled to take it all in. The room seemed much too large to serve as an office. “Lots of empty space...not to mention that big hole in the floor. You should get that looked at. Probably an OSHA citation if you don’t get it patched—”

Carmilla took her seat in the tall chair, behind the giant gaping hole where her desk used to be. “Come here, you, Miss Whatever-your-name-is.”

Jazz walked towards Carmilla, holding her hands behind her back. “Actually, m-my name is Jazz, Miss Carmilla, and let me say, I’m super sorry for slapping your sweet, sexy—”

“Take off your clothes.”

“W-what? Oh, I see. Well, I’m not entirely opposed to that suggestion, but maybe a little music to set the mood for a little—”

Carmilla reached out, and roughly yanked down Jazz’s pants. “You’re taking too long.”

Ignoring her captive’s protests, Carmilla stripped Jazz down in a flurry of clothing and cartoon dust clouds, leaving the succubus standing buck naked in the middle of the room.

Through the gigantic hole in the floor below, Jazz overheard a few gasps and exclamations from the office workers downstairs. The loudest of the wolf whistles was made by a wolf demon.

“Dog-gone! That ass needs a good slap!”

A red-headed Sinner, who the animators had obviously drawn to be an homage to a Tex Avery character, was sitting on the wolf’s lap. The red-head pressed a finger to her lips. “Wonder if she’s the new secretary?”

The wolf wagged a fluffy finger. “Hey! That’s not the politically correct term for that position anymore. They’re called ‘Administrative Assistants’ now.”

“Oh yeah, neat. Well, I hope Boss Carmine has fun spanking the new Administrative Assistant.”

Jazz quickly tried to cover herself, one hand over her front, the other across her breasts, then turned to face Carmilla Carmine, giving the people downstairs an uninterrupted view of her full moon. “You know, if you wanted to see me naked you could have just asked.”

Carmilla leaned forward to glare at her captive. “And if you wanted to slap my ass, *you* could have just asked.”

“Really? If you’re into that sort of thing, I could slap your ass all day.”

Carmilla handed Jazz a stack of her clothing, which Carmilla had somehow neatly folded off screen. “Here... Take your clothes, and set them, *carefully*, on top of my desk.”

Jazz glanced at the desk-shaped hole to her side. “Um...”

Slowly, Jazz held out her bundle of clothes, and dropped them through the hole in the floor. When they landed dead center on top of the desk, one of the office workers shouted, “Woo! Three point shot!”

Jazz scratched her head, and felt something missing. “Hey, where’s my jester hat?”

Carmilla held up the lost hat, pinching one of the bells daintily between two of her massive fingers. “Oh, this ratty old thing?”

Jazz lunged for the hat. “Hey, give that back! That hat holds immense sentimental value, and it keeps my head warm!”

But the moment Jazz reached to snatch back the hat, Carmilla deftly grabbed Jazz by the wrist and pulled her forward. Jazz tripped and flopped down across Carmilla’s lap, lying on her stomach. “Oof! Huh—Have you done this before? You’ve got the ‘taking the spankee in hand’ thing down pat! I bet those freakishly big hands of yours make you quite popular with the—”

Jazz was cut off as Carmilla adjusted her seat, pinning her victim’s bottom in place. Then Carmilla lightly set down the jester hat in front of Jazz’s face, a few inches out of reach. “Shut it. You get this back after I’m done with you.”

As Carmilla patted Jazz’s bottom, Jazz felt a familiar sense of dread. “W-wait, you’re going to spank me? Oh please, oh, please don’t do this, Miss Carmilla, please!”

Slowly, Carmilla rubbed her massive hand across Jazz’s booty, waiting for the succubus to calm down enough to listen. “Shh...Now, listen here, Little Miss Slap-happy, you ruined my lunch.”

“I’ll pay for it!”

“I have more money than I could ever possibly spend. So we’ll consider this your payment. We’re going to spend my lunch hour together, so that my hands can get more acquainted with this backside of yours.”

Carmilla released her hold on Jazz’s waist and placed both her hands on Jazz’s buttocks. “My, you have plenty of ass for me to handle. Usually I can’t use more than a single index-finger to punish the imps.”

Carmilla’s hands were so oversized, she had to use a few of her delicate fingers to pat each of Jazz’s butt cheeks, watching intently as the red flesh shivered and stretched to the touch. Finally, Carmilla pulled her fingers away, and laid her heavy palm across Jazz’s butt, stroked gently, and squeezed it. “But for you, I think I can actually use my whole palm. Oooh, your hindquarters are a bit firm, but they still have a nice squish to them. Finally, here’s an ass I can actually spank.”

After she finished fondling Jazz, Carmilla let the flesh “bounce” back into place. “I must admit, you’ve certainly been gifted with a spankable backside, Little Miss Juicy Butt.”

Jazz bit her bottom lip. The massage felt so good, Jazz had *almost* forgotten what was about to happen after. “It’s Little Miss *Jazzy* Butt, actually. Because I’m Jazz, you see.”

Carmilla gave Jazz’s buttocks a firm squeeze, then petted it, getting a feel for how Jazz’s bottom fit against the curve of her palm. “Well, I think that’s enough massaging for a while, Miss Jazz. Now it’s time to finish your punishment.”

Jazz, barely listening, was still focused on the butt massage. “Mmm, yes... oh, yes, please do.”

Then, Carmilla raised her hand high, and brought it down with full force.

A resounding “*SMACK!*” echoed through the office.

Jazz’s eyes shot open, and she yelled in pain. “Ow! Hey, I thought you said we were finished with the punishment?”

“No, we are *going to finish* your punishment. And that’s exactly what I’m doing now. I’m finishing this!”

“Finish me?”

...

Meanwhile, the staff of Carmine Industries’s security team watched the live footage from the cameras in Carmilla’s office. After all, that giant hole in the floor was a security weak point. Then, somehow, words appeared on their TV screen to overlay the picture, along with the voice of the narrator from the *Mortal Kombat* arcade game: “Finish Her!”

...

As Carmilla began to spank Jazz’s bottom with full force, Jazz kicked her legs, making her butt bounce and jiggle even more than it already was from the impacts. Carmilla’s hand easily covered both butt cheeks, and Jazz cried out as she felt each and every slap. “Ouch! Ouch! Oooh! Owie! Please stop! Aaahh!”

“Squealing already? Pathetic.” Carmilla put more heft into her next stroke, and kept up the same relentless pace of the spanking, but much harder than before.

Jazz legs spasmed. Unable to kick, Jazz squirmed like a worm atop Carmilla’s lap. “Yowwwie! You win! You win the hardest-spanking-ever contest!”

Finally, Carmilla paused the punishment. “Oh? Lucky me. What’s my prize?”

“...Bragging rights?”

Slowly, Carmilla pulled her phone out of her pocket, and made a call. “Diedra? Clear out a block from my schedule for this afternoon. I need a few hours to hammer out a little agreement with a high-priority client.”

“Got it, Mrs. Carmine. Will three hours suffice?”

“That’s perfect! Make it happen, Diedra.”

Carmilla hung up, then stared down at Jazz with a look of famished hunger. “That leaves us a good couple hours for spanking this bottom raw.”

“Um, you realize that just a couple *minutes* of spanking is enough to make my butt hurt, right?”

Casually, Carmilla raised her hand. “I am aware.”

...

After nearly an hour of hard, relentless spanking, Jazz remained unbroken, refusing to stay still.

Carmilla scowled, but kept spanking. After the first ten minutes, Carmilla’s arm had started to ache, so she had settled on a slow-and-steady pace for the spanking, without letting up on the force of the blows. “Stop moving so much! It’s pointless. Just where do you get all this energy?”

“Aaahh! Owie! Owie! Eek! Fuck! I can’t! Please, you’re going to break my ass! Aaaaahrgh!”

Carmilla slammed her hand down so hard, it sent a tremor through the entire skyscraper that housed Carmine Industries. “*Enough!* It’s been over an hour. Where is my new desk?”

The door opened, and a crew of hunky college students hauled in a brand new work desk. “Here you go, Mrs. Carmine...stocked with your preferred office supplies and everything.”

Carmilla nodded absent-mindedly, and opened the drawers on her new desk, finding them full and neatly organized. “Of course it is. I expect nothing less. Thank you for your assistance. On your feet, Miss Jazz, I need to check the desk for hidden explosive devices.”

Carmilla set Jazz back on her feet. The succubus groaned and clutched her butt, before noticing its dark-red color, and pouting ruefully as she inspected the damage. “Oh, my poor, perfect patootie, it hurts so bad. I don’t think I can take another spanking for at least a month.”

Carmilla pulled a small cardboard box out of her drawer. “Desk is clean. Aha, there you are!”

As Carmilla opened the box, it glowed from within. Carmilla pulled out a thick, rawhide belt with a silvery buckle, and metallic studs. Jazz didn’t recognize the metal at first glance, but she definitely noticed the radiant sheen of holy light. Carmilla folded the belt, and cracked it between her hands. “Do you know what this is?”

Jazz clenched her glutes, ignoring the lingering pain. “B-b-b...a...a belt?”

Carmilla held the belt out gently, with a look of girlish pride in her eyes. “Yes, but this isn’t just some ordinary belt. This buckle was made with angelic steel. You know what angelic weapons are?”

“Um...weapons made for angels? Like, the crazy overpowered super weapons that you need for the final boss fight in an RPG, but you have to go on a long fetch quest to find it first?”

“That is... directionally correct. They were originally smithed to banish Demons who trespassed into the mortal world. But Adam has been using them to permanently destroy the immortal souls of Sinners in Hell. They can even kill a Sinner Overlord. Or a Hellborn Devil, like yourself, Miss Jazz!”

“So are you gonna’... kill me with it?”

Carmilla giggled, then reached around to pat Jazz’s ass. “Of course not. But I’m sure the metallic studs of angelic steel will pack quite a punch. I designed this belt myself, originally with the intent of using it to interrogate an angelic Exorcist. But as I collected the angelic steel, piece by piece after each Extermination event, I decided to make this a special gift instead. It’s for someone I have *strong feelings* towards.”

“Really? How thoughtful. Well, I’d hate to intrude on whatever it is you have planned.”

Carmilla flicked the belt lightly across Jazz’s ass. Then she switched her grip to hold the belt with two hands, like a sling, and pulled Jazz closer to her. “*Au contraire*, you’re going to help me out, Miss Jazz.

Jazz swallowed. She felt like she was sitting on a very narrow, very hot leather swing. Carmilla was almost lifting her into the air with the belt, and it was chaffing across Jazz’s burning buttocks. Carmilla bent low. “It would be interesting to test it out on a naughty succubus, just to make sure it’s suitable for my special someone. Don’t worry, it won’t kill you. But as sure as Hell, it won’t heal. You will have to live with the lingering pain for the rest of your life.”

Jazz’s jaw dropped, before Carmilla roughly bent her over the desk, and raised the belt high in the air.

Shielding her eyes against the blinding, golden light emanating from the belt, Jazz clawed at the desk. “No no no! Wait, wait! Please, don’t do this! Please, Mommy! You can spank me all you want, just not the belt!”

At the last possible moment, Carmilla checked her swing, so that the belt only tapped lightly against Jazz’s ass. “Say that again.”

But the moment Jazz felt something touch her, time froze, and she suddenly experienced a vivid, waking dream. Jazz found herself dressed in a modest Catholic school-girl uniform, sitting

outside the principal's office. Then she experienced a montage of an entire school year's worth of daily spankings from the principal. And by the end of the school year, Jazz felt like she was ready to be a well-behaved, respectable, model student for the rest of her life. Jazz gasped as she snapped out of the vivid dream world. "I'll take the spanking! I'll behave, I promise! Just don't spank me with the belt, please!"

Jazz started to shed tears, her voice warbling. "I'll... I will be good!"

Carmilla listened to Jazz's sniveling, thought about it, and set the belt down on her desk. "Fine. But we are going to start your spanking all over again. If you start whining and struggling, I'm going to wear you out with the belt. Understand?"

As she was allowed to stand up, Jazz nodded furiously. "Yes, yes, I promise. I'll never, ever slap a hot ass without establishing consent ever again!"

Carmilla sat down, and patted her lap. "Aw, you're cute when you're contrite. So tiny and helpless. I think I might just be inclined to forgive and forget about the ass-slapping incident...after we finish your spanking, of course."

Meekly, Jazz lay across Carmilla's knees, and lifted her backside high into the air. "Please spank me, Carmilla Carmine."

With that, Carmilla started Jazz's spanking all over from the beginning. The clock slowly ticked away each minute. After a full two hours, Jazz's ass was a deep shade of purple. Carmilla beamed as she heard the clock chime. "All done! You're a real hard-ass, Miss Jazz, but I'm glad we could come to an accord."

The moment she stood up, Jazz clutched her butt tight with both hands, and started to rub. "Owie, owie, my booty!"

But Carmilla snatched Jazz's hands away, and slapped her rump. "No rubbing. Now go to the corner until I say you can come out from your timeout. Understand?"

Jazz nodded and went to the corner, putting her hands over her head.

Carmilla admired her work, but felt a pang of guilt at the sight of the succubus's bruised buttocks, and muttered under her breath. "Hmm, I might have gone a bit too far."

After a few minutes, Carmilla clapped her hands. "Okay, your timeout is over."

Jazz turned around, shivering, her face still damp from tears.

Carmilla sighed. "You look a bit cold. Why don't you get dressed, and—" Carmilla paused as she noticed Jazz's clothes were out of reach.

Carefully, Carmilla picked up the old jester hat. "Here, you may have your hat back."

Jazz snatched her hat and clutched it against her breasts, hugging it like a precious stuffed animal, and started shedding fresh tears.

Carmilla opened her arms. "I always give my daughters a hug after a spanking. Come here."

Jazz rushed to her and pressed tightly against the taller woman's bosom, gently weeping. Carmilla returned, picked Jazz up, and carried her to the long couch at the opposite end of her office. After laying Jazz down on the couch, Carmilla sat next to her, and gently patted Jazz's head, ruffling her hair. She used her other hand on Jazz's buttocks, mirroring the exact same gesture of comfort. "Sssshhh, it's okay. There, there. It's all over now, sweetie."

Jazz tried to look up at Carmilla, unable to blink past her tears. "I'm—I'm sorry for slapping your ass. It won't happen again."

Carmilla let Jazz up, and cradled her against her shoulder. "I know, I know. I'm sorry too, for going overboard on you. You can rest here for a while."

"But...my girlfriend will be worried about me?."

"Then I'll send a gopher to pick her up. It's getting late, and the city streets aren't safe after dark. You two can crash here for the night. I'll arrange for a bodyguard to take you and your girlfriend back home, later."

Jazz sniffled and yawned. "Okay. Her name is Ruby and she's standing in line at Velvette's, wearing a skin tight black dress with a boob window and black boots. Tell your gopher they can't miss her. She's super hot."

Carmilla scowled at the mention of Velvette's name, but hugged Jazz close, before both of them laid down together, reclining along the couch. Jazz mumbled something, and drifted into a half-sleep.

Then, the door opened. Odette and Clara strode in. They bore a clear family resemblance to their mother, but whereas Odette looked ready for work with her white lab coat and red glasses, Clara wore a high-neck tank top with shorts and thigh-high boots.

Casually, Clara strode into the office, carrying several cloth bags bearing the names of some of Hell's most famous designers (excluding Velvette). "Mom, we're back. We got you a sandwich from—oh, geeze."

The two girls paused to take in the sight. There was their dear, sweet mother, lying on the couch hugging a naked succubus, whose ass had clearly just been spanked. Carmilla put a finger to her mouth. "Ssshhh. Keep quiet please. She's trying to sleep."

Just before Jazz drifted off to sleep, a strange thought occurred to her. "*Hmm, I wonder how Ruby is doing?*"

SMACK! SMACK! SMACK!

Ruby the Succubus's palm rose and fell in a steady pattern, as she spanked a Hellhound demon across her knees, a she-wolf dressed in a Hot-Topic goth ensemble. The wolf girl yelped in pain, exactly like a puppy.

She bore a striking resemblance to the "Loona" from the amateurishly drawn poster for the professional assassins. (Or, rather, the drawing bore a passing resemblance to the real-life Loona.)

Loona's adopted father, Blizto, watched the unfolding scene with intent interest, scribbling in a notebook.

Ruby paused the spanking, and rubbed Loona's bare butt. "Now I'm going to ask you one last time. Are you ready to apologize to me for what you did?"

Luna's fluffy tail drooped between her legs, partially covering her behind. "I didn't do anything that bad!"

Ruby sniffed, and lifted the tail up and out of the way. "You kicked my baby carriage through a window."

"It's not like there was an *actual* baby in it this time! It was just a bunch of empty whiskey bottles!"

Ruby delivered a quick swat, catching her victim off guard. "Well, there *could* have been a baby in it!"

Loona clutched tight to Ruby's leg, and growled. "Oh, when I get my hands on you, I'm not *just* gonna spank you. I'm gonna beat the ever-loving hell out of—"

Ruby landed two ferocious spanks in quick succession, then fell back into a steady pattern.

Loona gasped, and shook her whole body with such force, it sent her whiskers flopping. "Ow! *Ouch!* Aaah, fuck! Stoop!"

Blitzo cleared his throat. "Ahem! Are you sure this is necessary to—ya know—train her not to bite? The obedience school encouraged me to keep using positive reinforcement with Loona."

Ruby scoffed. "Positive reinforcement goes hand in hand with *negative* reinforcement. Your duty, as an adoptive father, is to provide your daughter with *structure* and accountability."

Finally, Loona screamed, and let out a soft, whining moan. "Owww! Awwooooooooo! ...Mmmm."

Ruby raised an eyebrow. "Had enough?"

Slowly, Loona lifted her fluffy tail, and started to wag it. Then, Loona noticed her tail flapping on its own, and quickly grabbed it. "No! I'm *not* promising to be a good dog! I'm not, I'm not, I'm not!"

Ruby sighed, then casually brushed Loona's tail aside, and secured her grip on Loona's waist. "Then that can only mean you're a bad dog. Bad, bad doggy!"

Loona's ears drooped, and she looked across her shoulder with puppy dog eyes. "Huh? Don't call me that! I'm not a bad dog either!"

Ruby landed a firm clap across the center of Loona's lithe buttocks. "Then prove me wrong. Just promise to be a good girl, and I'll accept that as a proper apology."

Immediately, Loona's ears flicked backwards. "Grrraargh! I'm not a good girl! I am a proud, strong Sigma she-wolf!"

Ruby nodded, then fished a hairbrush out of her purse. "Then it looks like we're gonna be here for a while."

Loona stiffened as she felt Ruby stroking the hairbrush in gentle circles across her exposed haunches.

Looking deeply conflicted, Blitzo rubbed his hands together. "I still dunno whether I'm on board with this idea of using spanking as a parenting technique."

"Not all spankings are created equal. It's all in how you apply it. I'm not suggesting you beat your daughter senseless. Spanking should only be used as a tool of loving discipline, and never in anger."

Blitzo pulled out a newspaper with a flourish. "But, just this morning, I was reading about a study on how spanking children can have detrimental effects on children's development. There was a write-up on it in *The Dead Tree Times*."

Ruby smiled, then put her hairbrush back in her purse. “Intruiging. May I borrow that?”

Blitzo handed it over. Ruby quickly scanned the article on the negative effects of spanking, and twisted the newspaper between her hands. “Bah, sounds like the authors of this study could use a good spanking.”

Loona’s eyes went wide, before Ruby started spanking her all over again, with a rolled-up newspaper. Loona reared back her head and howled. “Ah-hoooooow! I’m sorry! I won’t—*Wooff!*—I’ll n-never kick a baby carriage, ever again!”

Ruby beamed with pride. “That’s right! Because what happens if you forget?”

Tears streamed down Loona’s face. “Then...I’ll get spanked with a rolled-up newspaper! Because I’ve been a bad, bad bitch! Waaaah!”

“That’s right! And when this spanking is over, you will ask your father, politely, to paddle you. But remember, he is only going to spank you because he loves you. Isn’t that right, Mr. Blitzo?”

Blitzo blinked twice, then wrote down a note in his journal. “Huh. So I have to spank...with love.”

[The End]